Ile winne our ancient right in France againe,
Or dye a ſouldier as I liu'd a King.
Glo. Short ſommers lightly haue a forward ſpring.
Enter yong Yorke. Haſtings, Cardinall.
Buc. Now in good time, here comes the Duke of *Yorke.*
Prin. *Richard* of *Yorke*, how fares our noble brother:
Yor. Well my deare Lord; ſo muſt I call you now.
Prin. I brother to our griefe, as it is yours:
Too late he dide that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath loſt much maieſtie.
Glo. How fares our couſen noble Lo. of *Yorke*?
Yor. I thanke you gentle vncle. O my Lord,
You ſaid that Idle weeds are faſt in growth:
The Prince my brother hath out growne me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lord.
Yor. And therefore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire couſen, I muſt not ſay ſo.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my ſoueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinſman.
Yor. I pray you Vncle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger litle couſen, with all my heart.
Prin. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind Vncle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no gift to giue.
Glo. A greater gift then that, ile giue my coſen.
Yor. A greater gift? O thats the ſword too it.
Glo. I gentle coſen, were it light enough.
Yor. O then I ſee you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle ſay a begger nay.
Glo. It is too weightie for you grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What, would you haue my weapon little Lord?
Yor. I would that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor.* Litle.
Prin. My Lo: of *Yorke* will ſtill be croſſe in talke:
Vncle your grace knowes how to beare with him.
Yor. You meane to beare me, not to beare with me:
Vncle, my brother mockes both you and me,

Becauſe

Becauſe that I am litle like an *Ape.*
He thinkes that you ſhould beare
Buc. With what a ſharpe prouid
To mittigate the ſcorne he giue his
He pretely and aptly taunts himſel
So cunning and ſo young is wonde
Glo. My Lo: wilt pleaſe you paſſe
My ſelfe and my good couſen *Buck*
Will to your mother, to intreat of
To meet you at the Tower, and wel
Yor. What will you goe vnto the
Prin. My Lord *Protector* will hau
Yor. I ſhall not ſleepe in quiet at
Glo. Why, what ſhould you feare
Yor. Mary my vncle *Clarence* ang
My Granam told me he was murdr
Prin. I feare no vncles dead.
Glo. Nor none that liue, I hope.
Prin. And if they liue, I hope I ne
But come my L. with a heauie hea
Thinking on them, goe I vnto the
Exeunt. Prin. Yor. Haſt. Dorſm.
Buc. Thinke you my Lo: this litle
Whas not incenſed by his ſubtile m
To taunt and ſcorne you thus opp
Glo. No doubt, no doubt, Oh tis
Bold, quicke, ingenious, forward, ca
He is all the mothers, from the top
Buc. Well let them reſt: come hit
Thou art ſworne as deepely to effe
As cloſely to conceale what we im
Thou knoweſt our reaſons vrgde
What thinkeſt thou, is it not an eaſ
To make *William* L. *Haſtings* of ou
For the inſtalment of this noble D
In the ſeate toyall of this famous Il
Cateſ. He for his fathers ſake ſo lo
That he will not be wonne to ought
Buc. What thinkeſt thou then of

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